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## The life of a Soc dressed as a Greaser



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### Chapter 1 by Bailey Butters

Sherry hated the sun. As she stepped out of the movie theatre, she was temporarily blinded. She pulled her hand in front of her face to block the sun. Her red bandana and her slicked back, high-ponytail were a great combination with her long, blonde hair. She dressed like some of those working-class youth. What were they called? Greasers! That's right. Greasers. They had leather jackets, white shirts, Chuck Taylor All Stars, and most had a switchblade, like Sherry. In her thoughts of the movie she saw, she bumped into someone.

"UMPH!" he said. Sherry, being the kind person that always apologizes, she apologized. He had a funny smirk plastered on his face. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Sherry Piper. And yours?" She asked. She hoped maybe... just maybe he didn't recognize her. She knew his face, but never had the time to learn his name. He was in the front of Sherry's math class.

"Michael Curtis. I recognize you from somewhere. Where was it?" he asked. Sherry began to get uneasy. She began to get uneasy and thought that she had to get away.

"Sorry I have to go. I've got some schoolwork to do." She said.

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